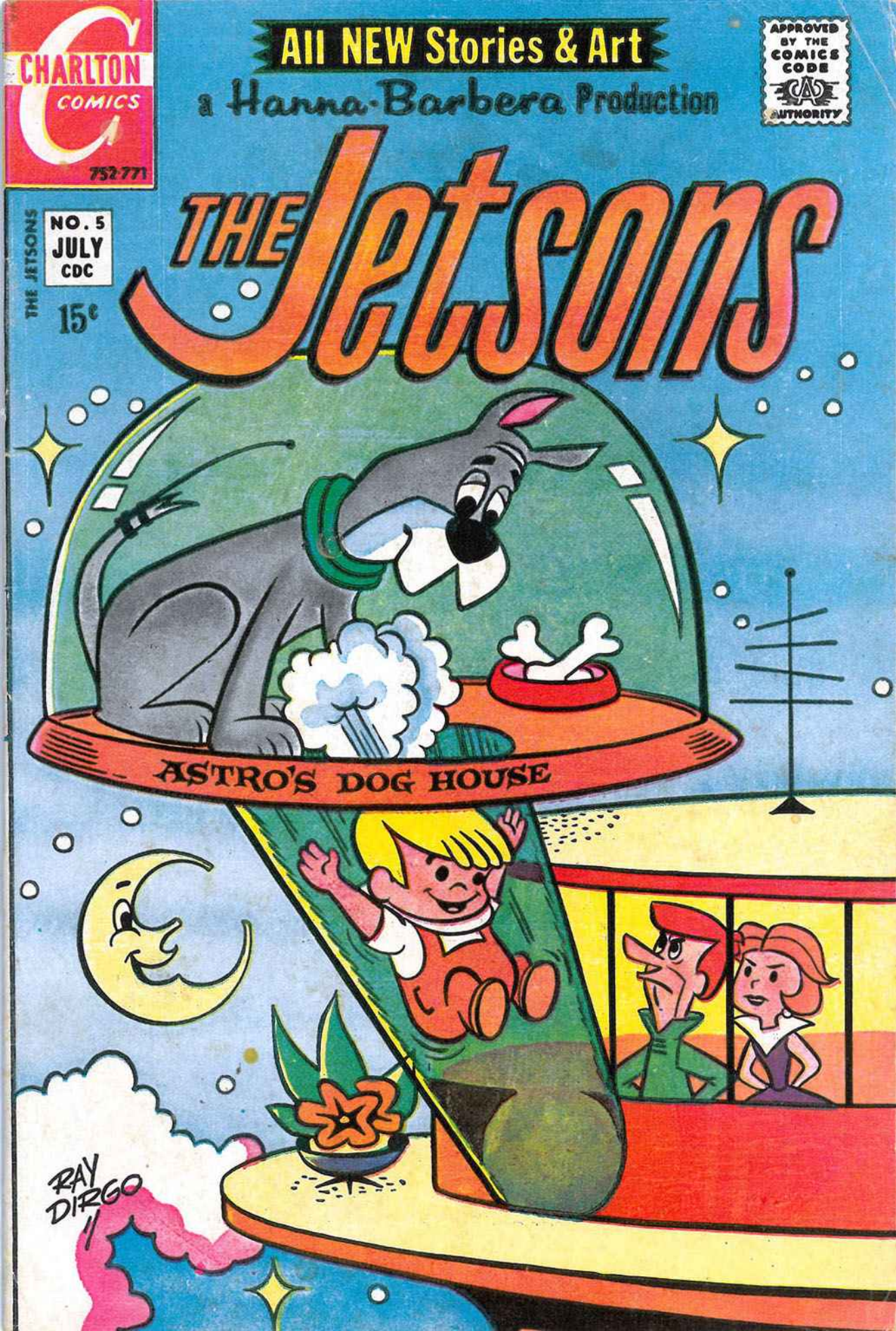
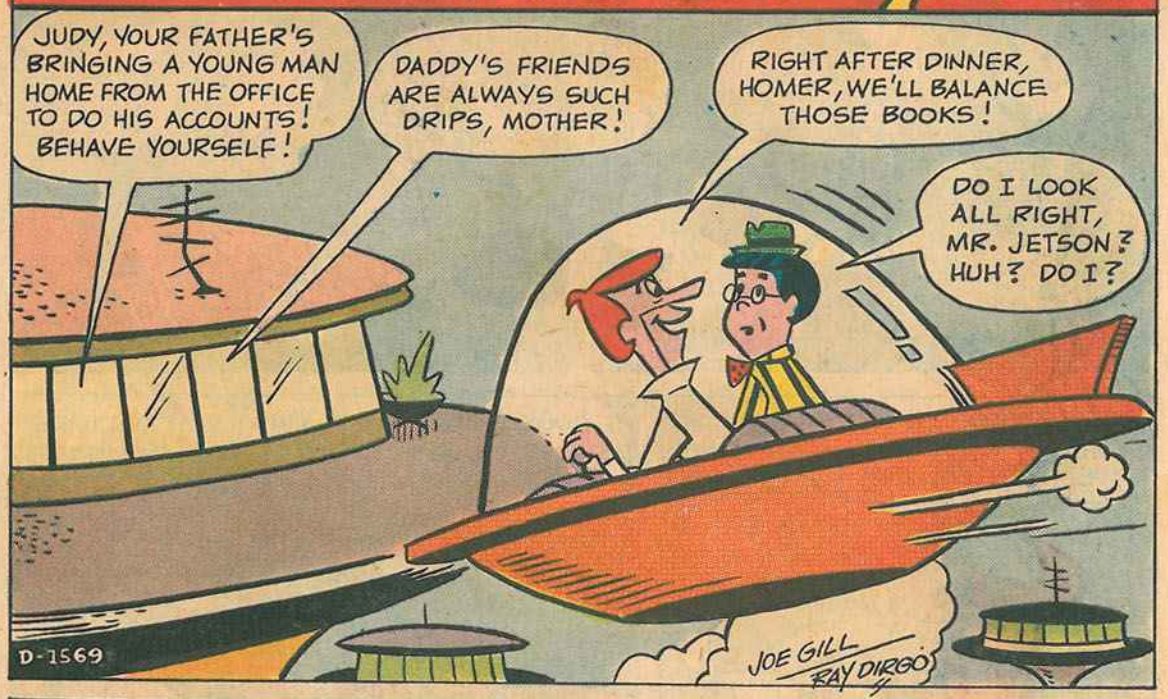
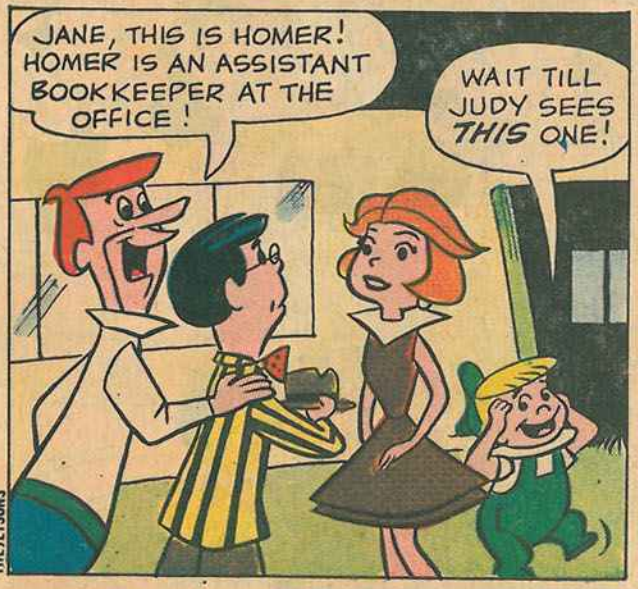

CHARLTON COMICS
752-771
All NEW Stories & Art
a Hanna-Barbera Production
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE JETSONS
NO. 5
JULY
CDC
15¢
ASTRO'S DOG HOUSE
RAY DIRGO

THE JETSONS in Outta Sight!



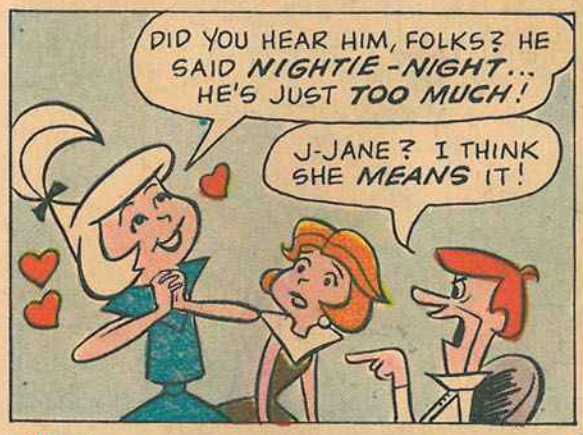


THE JETSONS

THE JETSONS Vol. 2, No. 5, July, 1971,
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1971 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 15¢ per copy. Subscription 90¢ annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.
This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.
©1971, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

IT TAKES A LOT OF SMARTS TO BE A BOOKKEEPER, HOMER!
MAKE HER STOP PUTTING HIM ON, JANE! HE CAN'T HELP BEING THE WAY HE IS!
I'M NOT SO SURE SHE IS PUTTING HIM ON, GEORGE! EVEN JUDY ISN'T THAT GOOD AN ACTRESS!
I SUPPOSE ANY BRILLIANT, HARDWORKING NEAR-GENIUS COULD DO WHAT I DO, JUDY!
LET ME SHOW YOU THE NEW METHOD OF RAPID MULTIPLICATION I'VE INVENTED, JUDY!
I CAN'T WAIT, HOMER!
I DOUBLE-DARE YOU TO FIND THE BLACK ACE, FOLKS! HEH HEH HEH
WHAT A SQUARE!
HEH HEH... THE DOG SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND THE BLACK ACE! I GUESS I DIDN'T DO IT VERY WELL!
I THINK YOU'RE MAGNIFICENT, HOMER!
YOU'RE SUCH A PUT-ON, HOMER!

GOOD-NIGHT, HOMER! DON'T FORGET... YOU'RE COMING OVER TOMORROW NIGHT! I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
I'M GOING TO SURPRISE YOU TOO, JUDY! NIGHTIE-NIGHT!


DID YOU HEAR HIM, FOLKS? HE SAID NIGHTIE-NIGHT... HE'S JUST TOO MUCH!
J-JANE? I THINK SHE MEANS IT!

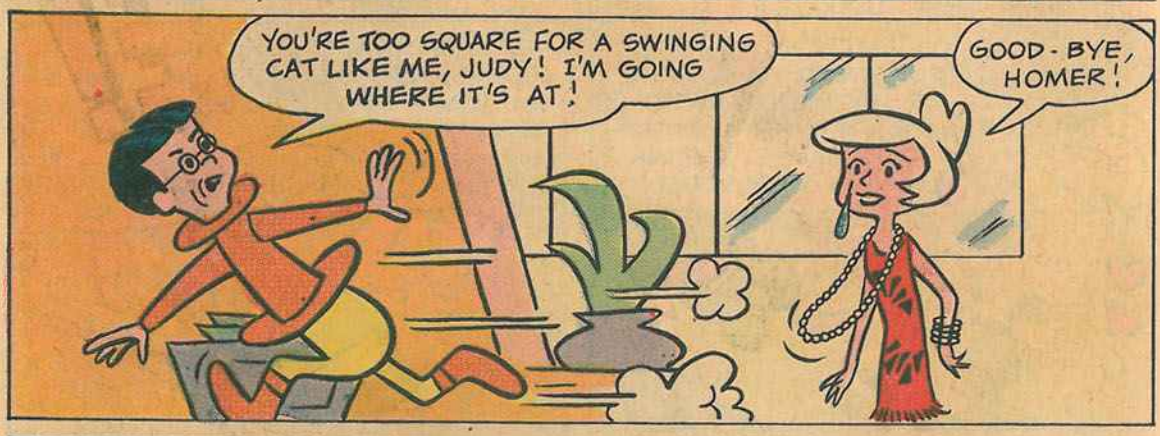
HE'S UNBELIEVABLE, GEORGE! WHY DID YOU BRING HIM HERE?
TO BALANCE MY BOOKS...AND HE DID CARD TRICKS INSTEAD!

NEXT EVENING
LOOK AT THE WAY THIS NUT IS DRIVING!
THAT MUST BE HOMER, DAD!

DUM DUM ♫ DEDUMM DUM ♫
HEY, SIS, HOMER'S GOT A NEW SUIT!

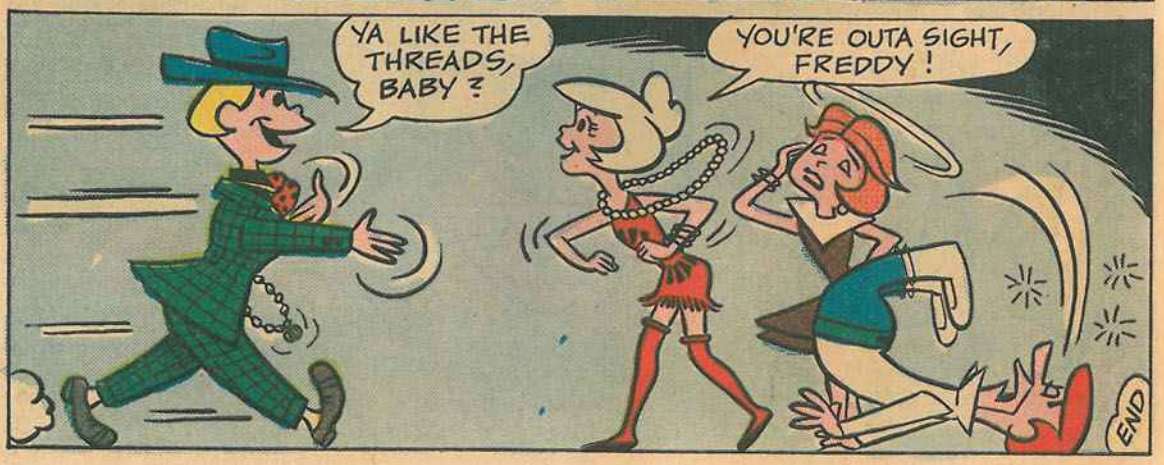
HOMER...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?
I KNEW I'D TURN YOU ON, CHICK! GROOVY! SOLID, DAD! RIGHT ON!

I FIGURED I'D DRESS IN STYLE FOR A DATE WITH A GROOVY CHICK... YOU'RE WAY OUT OF STYLE, YOU KNOW THAT?
I THINK I LOOK WONDERFUL! I LIKED YOU YESTERDAY, HOMER!

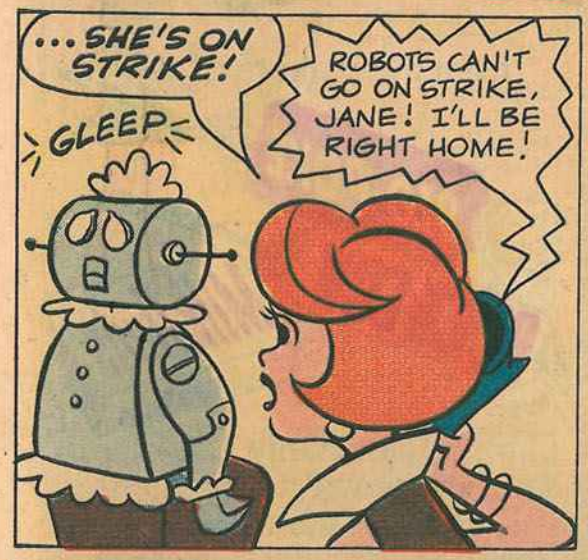

YOU'RE TOO SQUARE FOR A SWINGING CAT LIKE ME, JUDY! I'M GOING WHERE IT'S AT!
GOOD-BYE, HOMER!

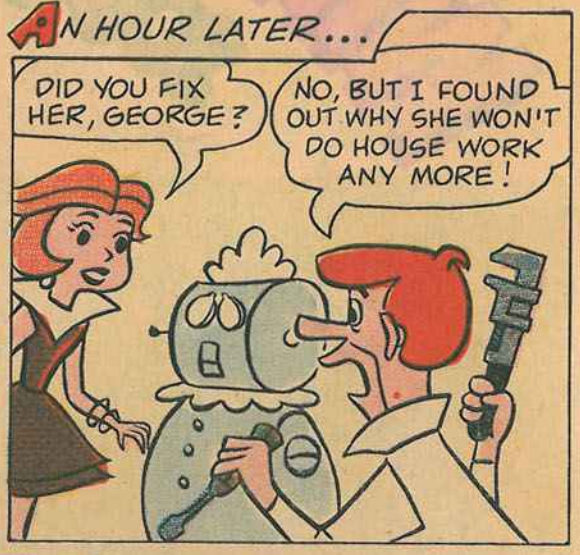
WAS THAT HOMER, JUDY? WHAT HAPPENED? I THOUGHT YOU LIKED HIM!
VVRROOOMM

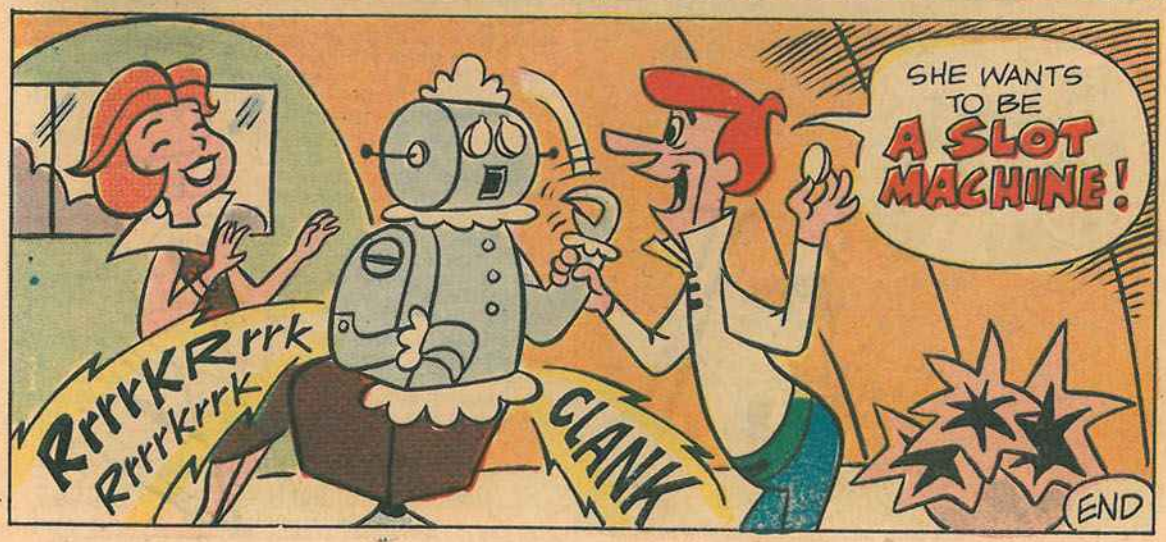
I THOUGHT HE WAS BEAUTIFUL YESTERDAY, MOM! THEN HE WENT AND DRESSED LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!
NEVER MIND, JUDY! FREDDY IS ON HIS WAY OVER ...HE'S GOT A SET OF THREADS HE WANTS YOU TO SEE!


YA LIKE THE THREADS, BABY?
YOU'RE OUTA SIGHT, FREDDY!
END

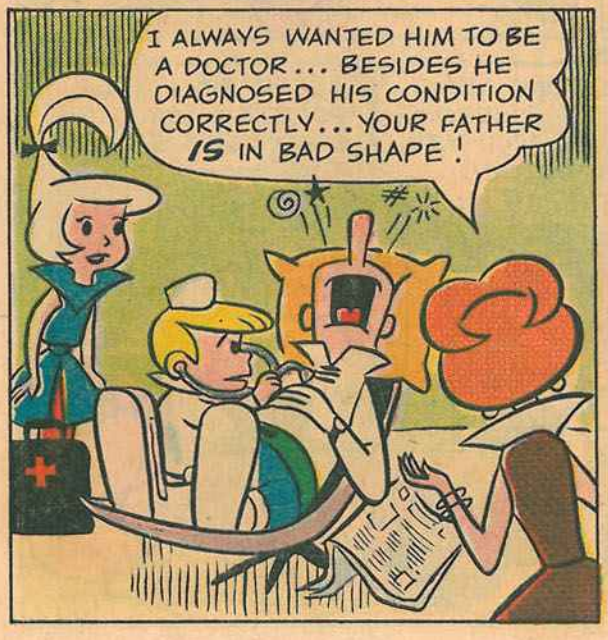
ON STRIKE
COME HOME AT ONCE, GEORGE! ROSEY HAS STOPPED WORKING!
WELL, CALL A ROBOT REPAIR MAN!
SHE ISN'T BROKEN, GEORGE...
D-1388


...SHE'S ON STRIKE!
GLEEP
ROBOTS CAN'T GO ON STRIKE, JANE! I'LL BE RIGHT HOME!


AN HOUR LATER...
DID YOU FIX HER, GEORGE?
NO, BUT I FOUND OUT WHY SHE WON'T DO HOUSE WORK ANY MORE!


SHE WANTS TO BE A SLOT MACHINE!
RrrrKRrrk RrrrKrrk
CLANK
END

THE JETSONS in CALLING DR. ELROY JETSON



DR. ELROY JETSON NEXT DIAGNOSES A FAULTY CONTROL PANEL IN ROSEY'S PROGRAMMING CENTER, LOCATES THE REASON FOR JUDY'S BACK-ACHE (TIGHT SHOES) AND PRESCRIBES A THREE DAY VACATION FOR JANE JETSON!

THIS IS MY FRIEND FROM MARS, SUM TOI! HE'S THE ONE WHO TELLS ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH EVERYONE!
HMMM. CAN HE TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME RIGHT NOW?

BZZ BZZZZ BZZZZZZ.
UH HUH. HE HAS? OH, GOLLY! THANKS, SUM TOI!

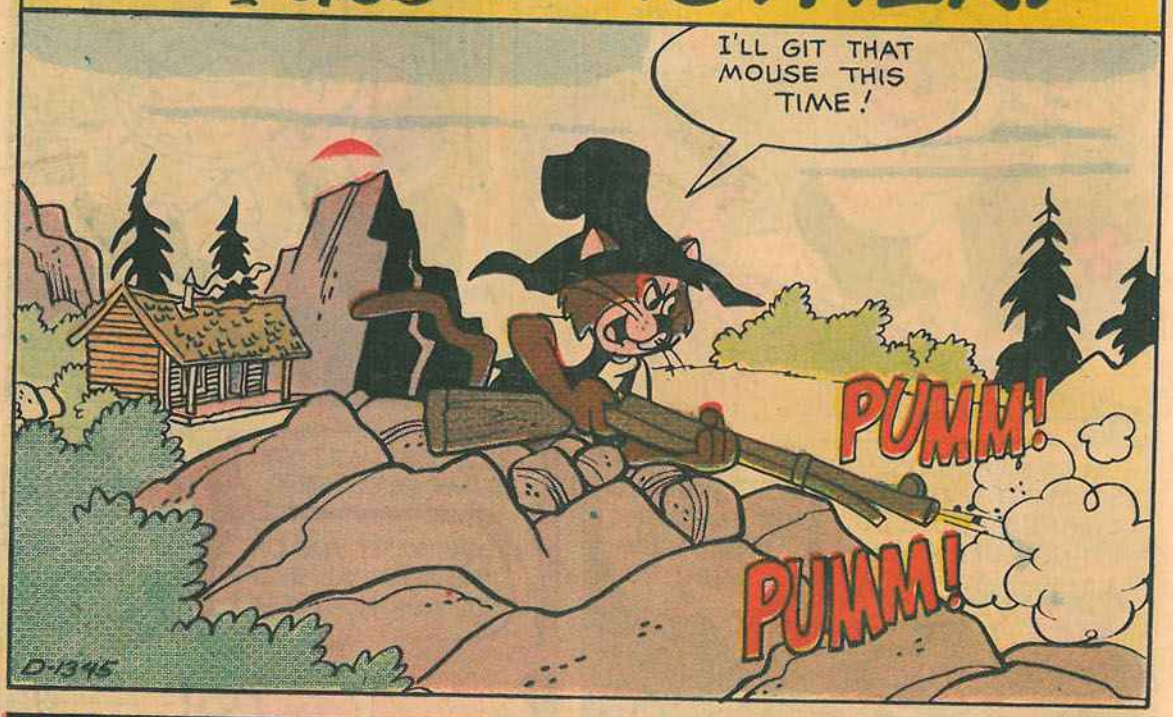
SUM TOI SAYS YOU'VE GOT LEPRIGOTTIS OF THE ULUMDULA BUT IT'S GETTING BETTER NOW!
AMAZING! ASTONISHING! DR. ELROY IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!

DR. ELROY, WILL YOU BE MY PARTNER?
WE WANT YOU ON THE MEDICAL STAFF OF OUR HOSPITAL!
HOW ABOUT IT, SUM TOI? YOU WANT TO DO IT?

SUM TOI SAYS TO TELL YOU WE'RE SORRY BUT...

...WE'RE TIRED OF PLAYING DOCTOR, WE'RE PLAYING SPACE WAR NOW!
I'LL GET YOU, SUM TOI! ZUTZUTZUT RATATATAT RATATAT.
OH, NO!
the END

"PUNKIN' PUSS" in PEACE, BROTHER!



HE'S OUT OF AMMUNITION! THIS IS MY CHANCE!

PUNPKIN' PUSS STOPPED FIRIN! NOW, I'LL OUT-SMART HIM!

THAT LITTLE SNEAK GOT AWAY!

PUNKIN' PUSS TURNED YALLER AN' RAN!

MUSHMOUSE! LET'S KNOCK OFF FOR LUNCH!

OKAY WITH ME, PUNKIN' PUSS!

WE'LL START THE WAR AGAIN IN THE MORNING, SCAREDY-CAT!
WHO YA CALLIN' SCAREDY-CAT? I'M GONNA START FIGHTIN' AS SOON AS I FINISH LUNCH!
THE END

THE JETSONS in Ohh, Doctor!

GEORGE! ROSEY IS BUSTED AGAIN!

WHAT SOME ROBOTS WILL DO TO GET OUT OF DOING THE DISHES!

GLEEP

KRAASSA

D-1571

JOE GILL / RAY DIRGO

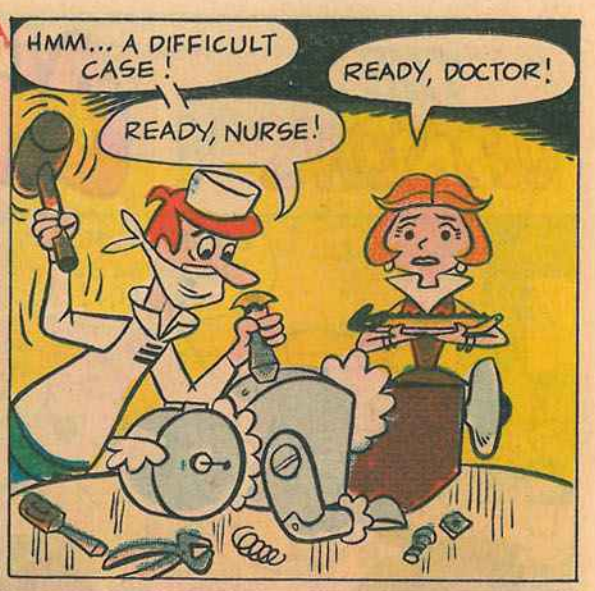
JUDY, CALL THE REPAIR MAN... TELL HIM IT'S AN EMERGENCY...

YES, MOTHER!

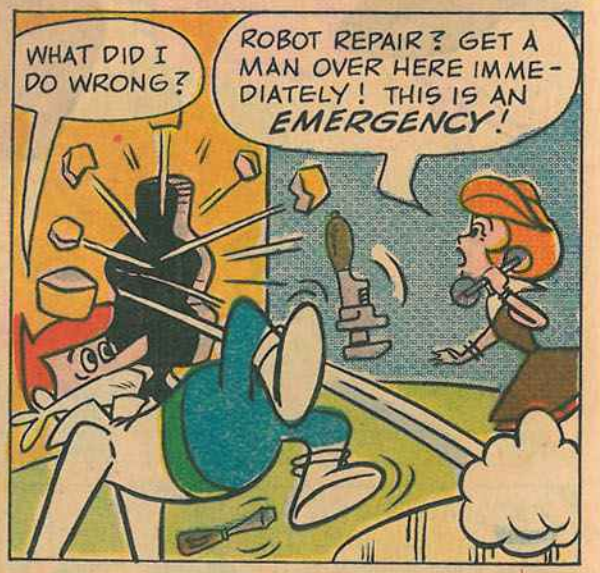
NO, GEORGE! YOU WOULDN'T!

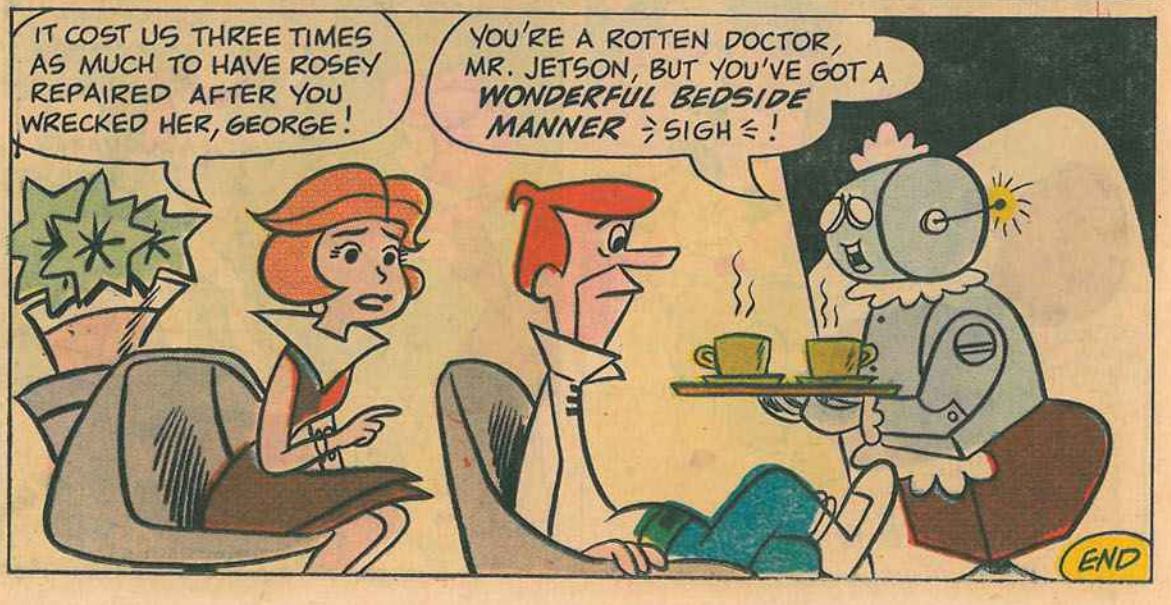
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE STARTED SAVING MONEY ON REPAIR BILLS AROUND HERE!

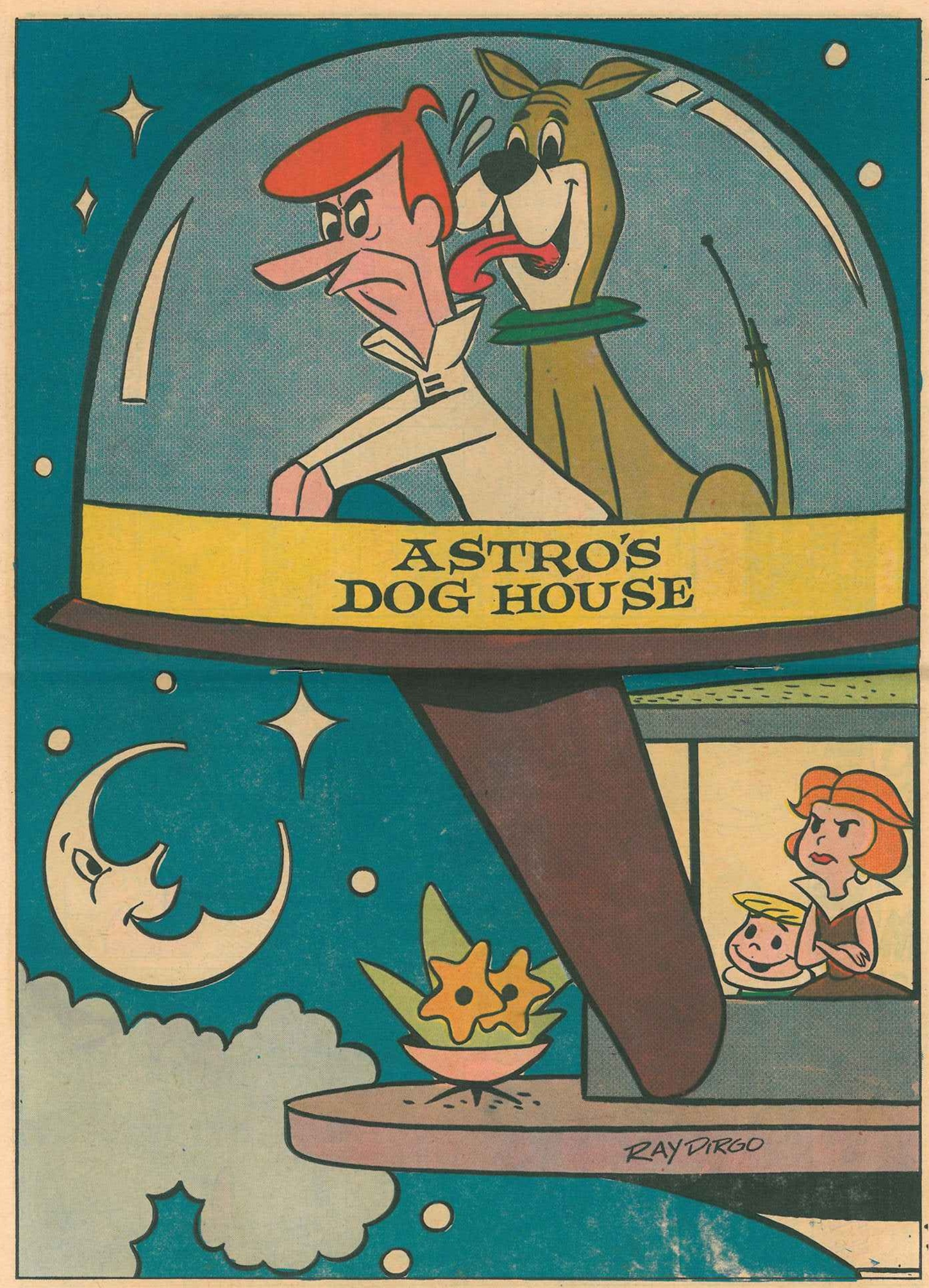
LET'S GET HER ON THE OPERATING TABLE! DR. JETSON WILL OPERATE!


HMM... A DIFFICULT CASE!
READY, DOCTOR!
READY, NURSE!

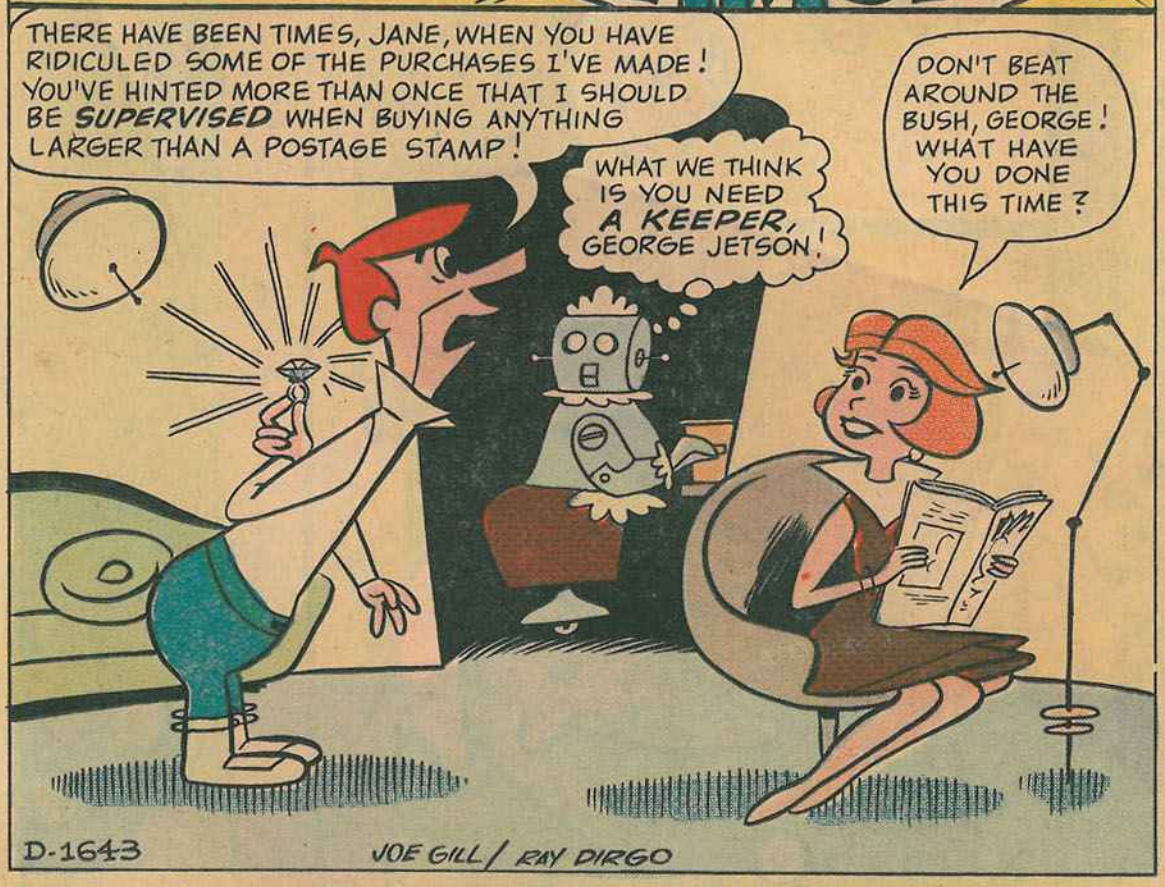
BE CAREFUL, GEORGE!
I FOUND THE TROUBLE! ROSEY'S DINGUS WAS BENT AROUND THE FRUJICATOR! SHE'S ALL FIXED!
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK


WHAT DID I DO WRONG?
ROBOT REPAIR? GET A MAN OVER HERE IMMEDIATELY! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

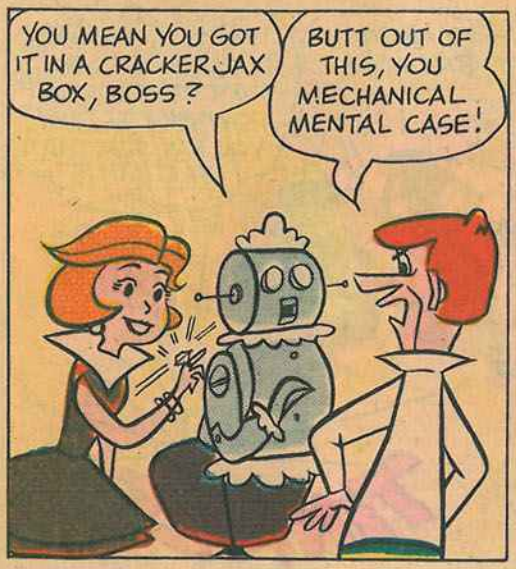

IT COST US THREE TIMES AS MUCH TO HAVE ROSEY REPAIRED AFTER YOU WRECKED HER, GEORGE!
YOU'RE A ROTTEN DOCTOR, MR. JETSON, BUT YOU'VE GOT A WONDERFUL BEDSIDE MANNER ≥SIGH≤!
END

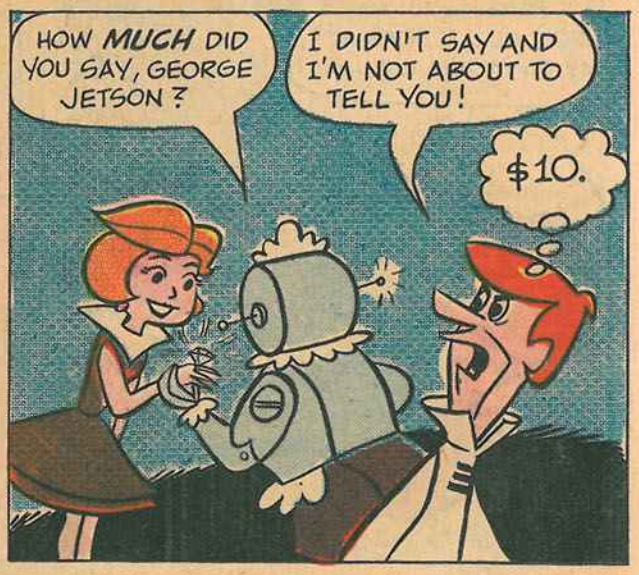

ASTRO'S
DOG HOUSE
RAY DIRGO

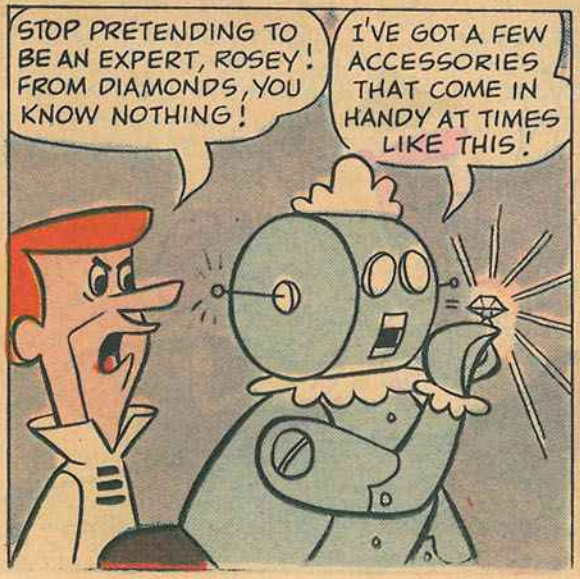
THE JETSONS in The 3 "Carrot" DIAMOND

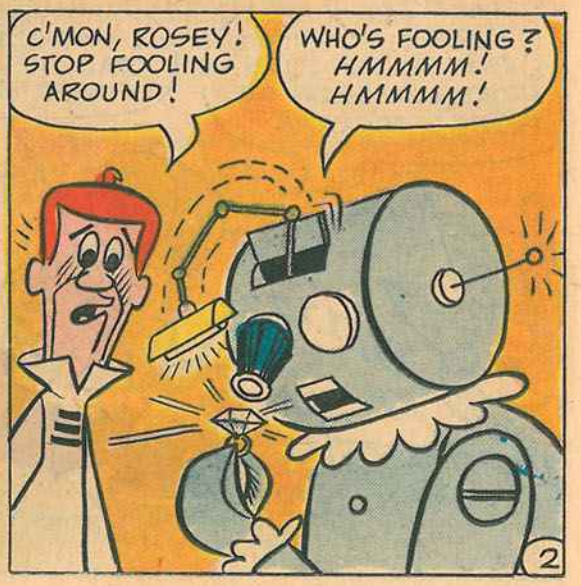


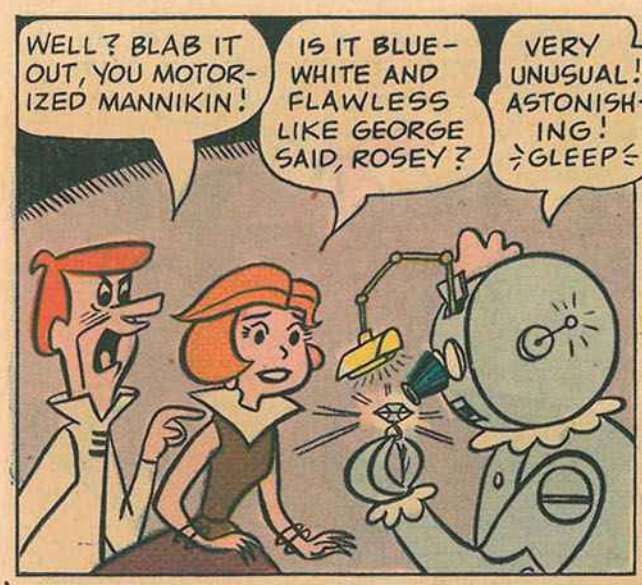
YOU MUST'VE PAID THOUSANDS FOR IT, GEORGE!
HEH HEH IF I PAID THE RETAIL PRICE FOR IT, I WOULD HAVE, JANE!
GLEEP
BLEEP
GRRRT

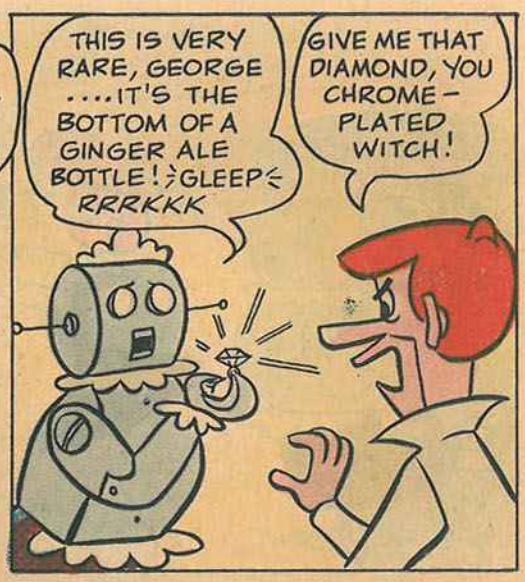

YOU MEAN YOU GOT IT IN A CRACKERJAX BOX, BOSS?
BUTT OUT OF THIS, YOU MECHANICAL MENTAL CASE!

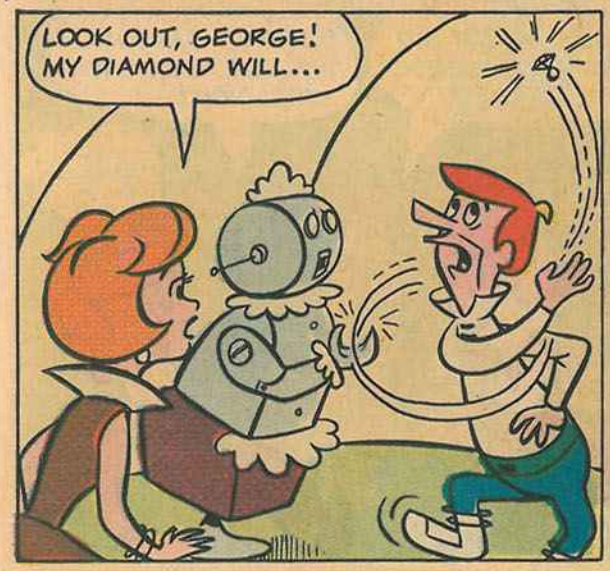

HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY, GEORGE JETSON?
I DIDN'T SAY AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO TELL YOU!
$10.


STOP PRETENDING TO BE AN EXPERT, ROSEY! FROM DIAMONDS, YOU KNOW NOTHING!
I'VE GOT A FEW ACCESSORIES THAT COME IN HANDY AT TIMES LIKE THIS!

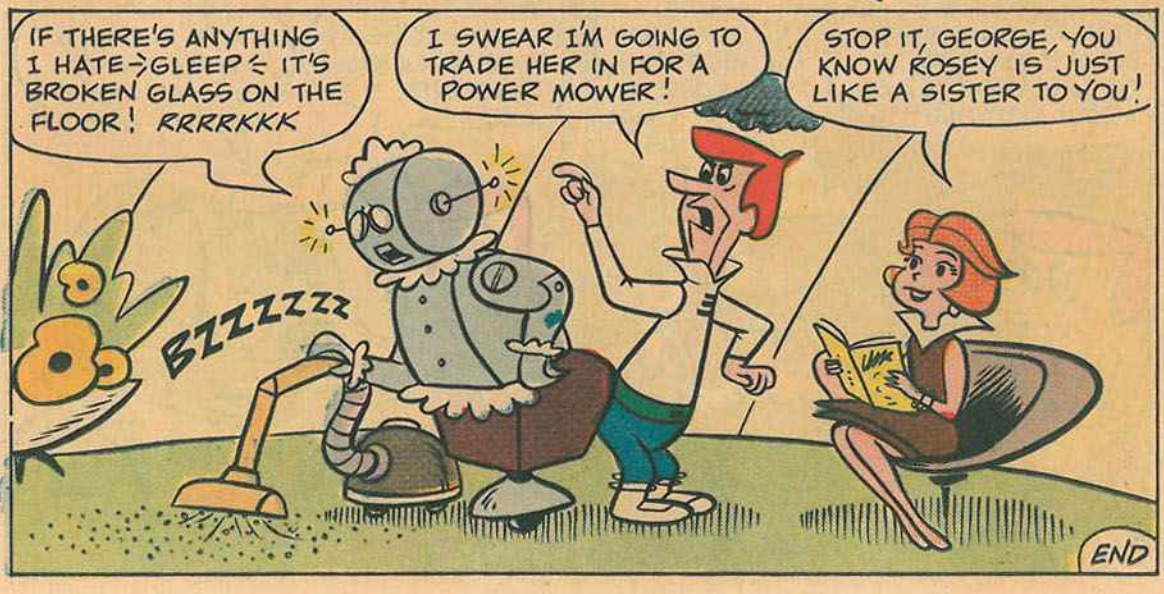

C'MON, ROSEY! STOP FOOLING AROUND!
WHO'S FOOLING? HMMMM! HMMMM!


WELL? BLAB IT OUT, YOU MOTORIZED MANNIKIN!
IS IT BLUE-WHITE AND FLAWLESS LIKE GEORGE SAID, ROSEY?
VERY UNUSUAL! ASTONISHING! >GLEEP<


THIS IS VERY RARE, GEORGE ....IT'S THE BOTTOM OF A GINGER ALE BOTTLE! >GLEEP<< RRRKKK
GIVE ME THAT DIAMOND, YOU CHROME-PLATED WITCH!


LOOK OUT, GEORGE! MY DIAMOND WILL...

THE DIAMOND... IT BROKE!
THAT'S WHAT GLASS DOES WHEN YOU DROP IT, GEORGE! HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR THAT BARGAIN?
TINKLE


IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE >GLEEP< IT'S BROKEN GLASS ON THE FLOOR! RRRRKKK
I SWEAR I'M GOING TO TRADE HER IN FOR A POWER MOWER!
STOP IT, GEORGE, YOU KNOW ROSEY IS JUST LIKE A SISTER TO YOU!
BZZZZZZ
END

"POSH NOSH"

The Bargain

"You have asked me to marry you," smiled the pretty young girl as she faced her latest suitor. "I want you to know just what I expect of the man I marry. You must earn at least $45,000 a year. I don't mean gross. I mean net. After you have paid all your taxes, that should be the minimum money available for us two. Each year I expect you to increase your earning potentials by at lease twenty per cent.

I will pick the home in the suburbs where we are going to live. There will be a three car garage and we will have three cars. One for you, one for myself, and one always available for my mother when she comes to visit us. Which, of course will be quite frequent. There will be a full time cook and a full time housekeeper in my home. You notice I say my home. Not our home. The deed to the home is to be made out to me. Also, about the checking account. I feel it best you give me your check each month and I will deposit it it in my account. If you need some spending money, say for cigarettes, I will give it to you.

You are never to disagree with me either in public or in private. I will concede that whenever we agree on a subject - you may consider yourself correct in the matter. During the summers I plan to live in Paris by myself. Since you will have to work hard to give me the things I want it follows you must remain at home."

There was a silence as the young suitor listened to her demands. She had made herself quite clear.

"In return for all of this, what do I get?" he wanted to know.

"Me," was the one word answer.

Grandpa and the Horse

It is part of our tradition, that a grandpa wants to show off the talents, abilities, and brain power of his grandson. In this case, the grandson was only three and a half. And then the phone rang one Saturday afternoon. His daughter was speaking on the other end.

"Dad, could you come over and take little Herbie for a walk in the park? We are giving Matilda a surprise gift. Only take him out for an hour. Please."

This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting. So he came over and took his grandson to the park. There were his many friends, and he introduced Herbie to them. Then he began the showing off process.

"How many ears does a horse have?"

"Two," was the correct answer.

"How many feet does a horse have?"

"Four," answered little Herbie.

"How many tails does a horse have?"

"Only one tail, grandpa," was the correct answer.

Grandpa should have quit right then and there while he was ahead of the game. But he had one more question to ask.

"How many eyes does a horse have?"

The kid looked and looked at the questioner. There was definitely puzzlement in his expression. The friends wondered what was wrong. But the answer they never forgot.

"Is it that you are just stupid, grandpa, or is it maybe that you have never seen a horse?"

"With or Without?

There are some people who shudder at the thought of eating oysters. And there are those who praise highly the virtues of these inhabitants of the waters below. This particular woman was dressed in expensive clothing. She was seated alone at a table in a restaurant noted for its sea food. She did not look at the menu. The waiter came for the order.

"I want a half dozen oysters," she began. "Not the very large ones. Not the very small ones. They must be the medium oysters. At this time of the year, that size is the best. I want you to take a cloth and clean the outside of each oyster yourself.

When you open them, use the regular oyster knife. Be very careful not to damage the shells. I do not want even the smallest particle of shell to fall into the oyster. If they are too dark or too light I do not want them. I want you to prepare my own formula for enjoying the true flavor of oysters. Half a glass of sherry wine. Grind up very carefully two ounces of fresh horseradish. Then chop up one ounce of raisins. Mix all this by hand. Of course I do not mean that you should use your hand. A tablespoon will suffice. Then crush five ice cubes and bring them to me on a separate plate. That will be all."

"Just one detail," madam," said the waiter. "Do you want your oysters with or without?"

"With or without?" she repeated with some annoyance.

"With or without pearls," he answered her.

LIL' STINKER

GRRRRR
Himes

PHEEWW!!

LATER....
FOR ME? WHO COULD'VE SENT IT?
LIL' STINKY

D-1464

NOW, I KNOW WHO SENT ME THE PERFUME!
END

POINT of VIEW!
HE FORGOT TO CLOSE THE WINDOWS LIKE YOU TOLD HIM, MRS. JETSON! THE RUGS WILL BE RUINED BY THE TIME WE GET BACK, JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME!
GEORGE, CAN'T YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING?
SEE THE EARTH 25¢ XXX POWER TELESCOPE
D-1644
END

THE JETSONS in HOW TO MAKE A TWO-HEADED MONSTER!

ELROY, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING?

LOOK AT ALL THAT DIRTY SMOKE!

SSSSHHH, DAD... IT'S GOING TO BE A GRAPADOXUN WHEN IT'S FINISHED!

D-1570

JOE GILL / RAY DIRGO

WAIT, ELROY! THE FORMULA YOU USED TO CREATE THIS CREATURE...
SUM TOI, WHAT'LL I DO?

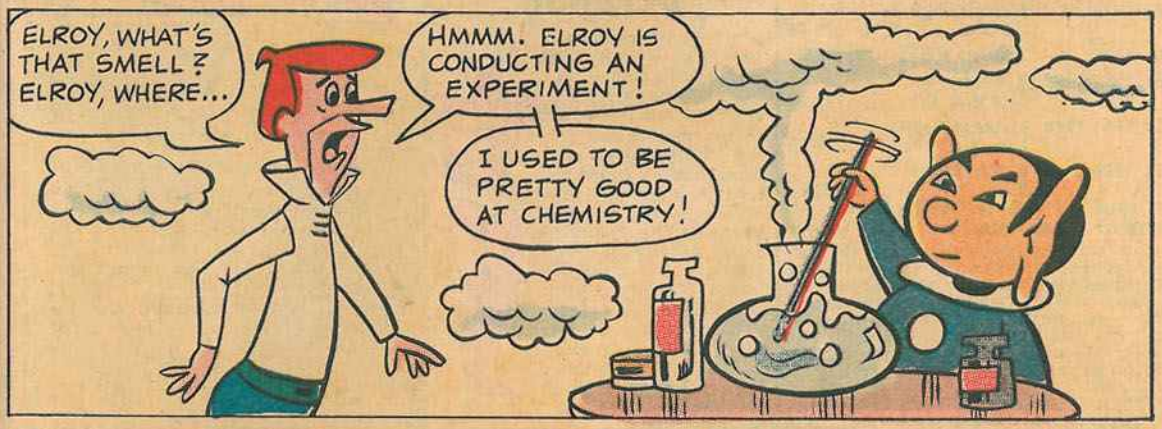
... LACKED AN ESSENTIAL INGREDIENT! IN TEN SECONDS IT WILL...

POP
...VANISH!
WHEW! I DIDN'T KNOW IF I'D HAVE TO FEED IT, PET IT, OR HIT IT WITH A STICK!

WHAT HAPPENED, ELROY? I MUST'VE HAD A DIZZY SPELL!
NO, DAD...THE GRAPADOXUN HIT YOU ON TOP OF THE HEAD!

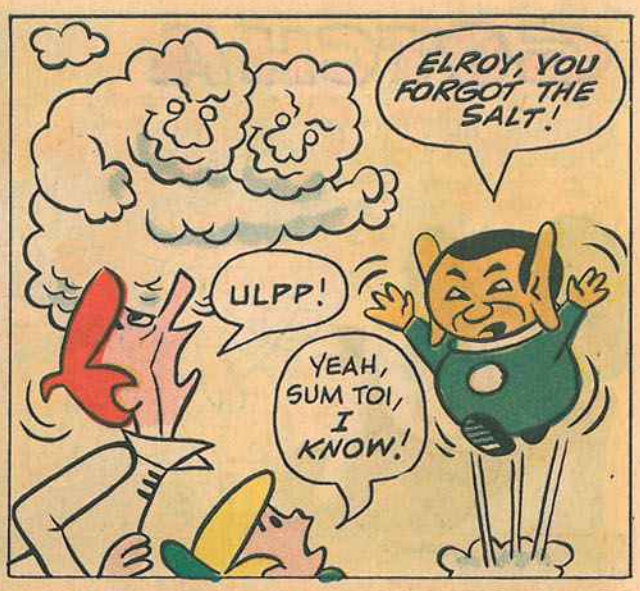
ARE YOU SURE YOU HAD A DIZZY SPELL, GEORGE? IF ELROY'S GRAPADOXUN DIDN'T HIT YOU....
STOP ECHOING HIS NONSENSE, JANE! ELROY, PLAY WITH YOUR NEW CHEMISTRY SET AND STOP BOTHERING US!

WHERE DID YOU BUY HIM THAT CHEMISTRY SET, JANE?
ELROY TOLD ME SUM TOI, HIS MARTIAN FRIEND BROUGHT IT FROM MARS! TEE HEE...
CHEMISTRY INSTRUCTION BOOK



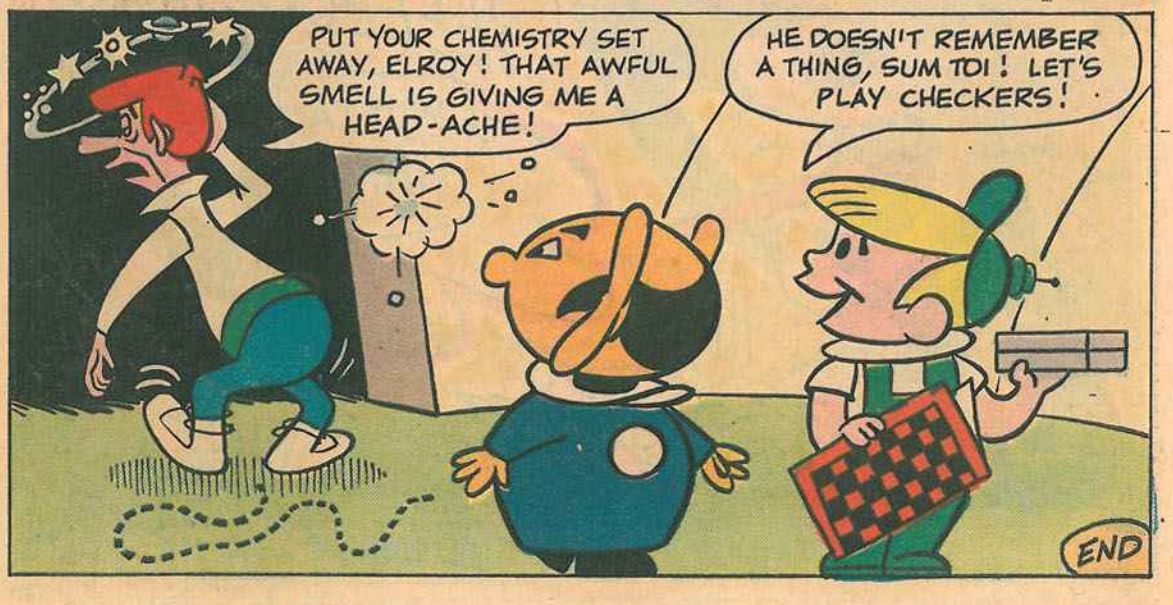
. CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

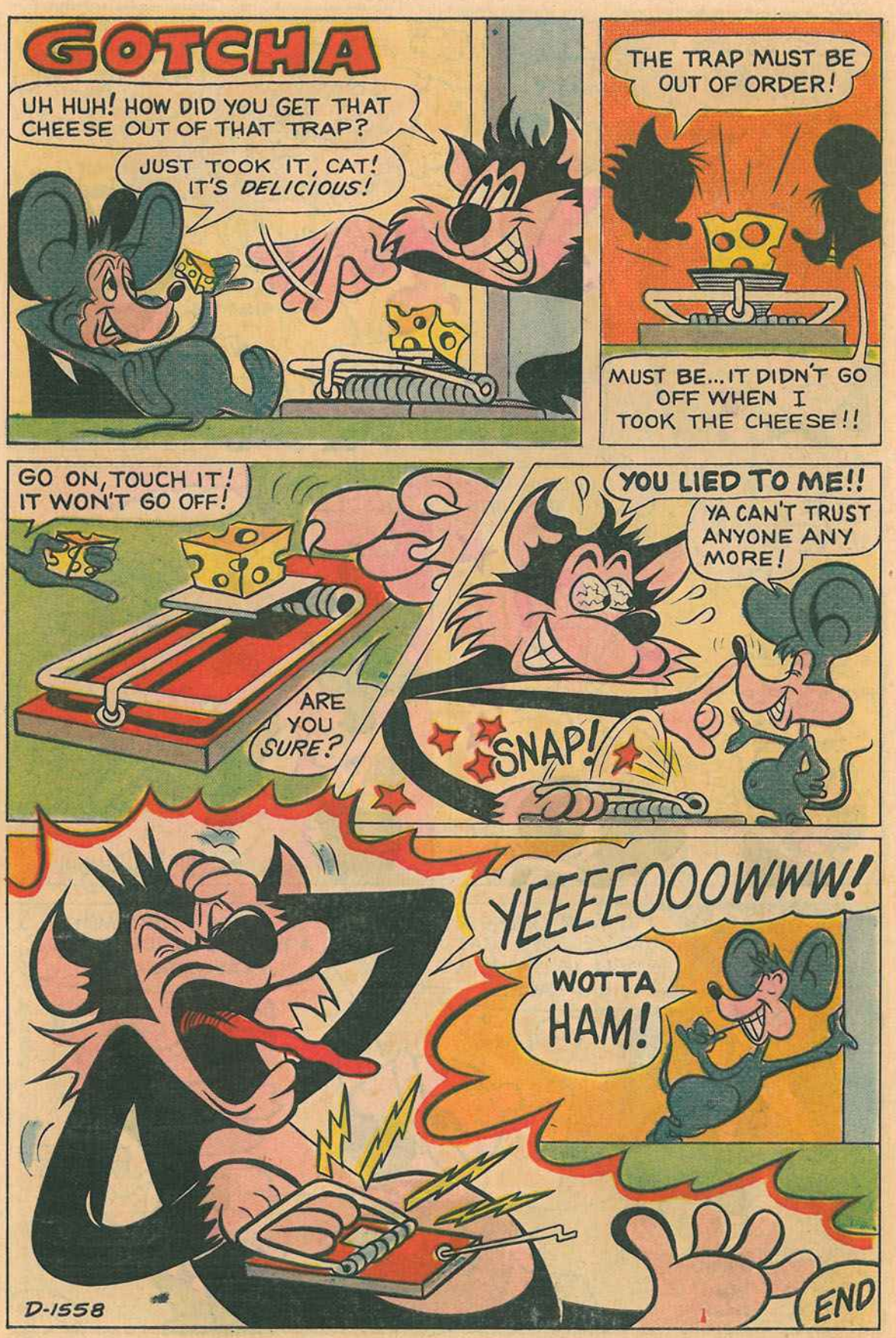
SOMETHING DID HAPPEN, DAD! RUN!
W-WHAT ?


ELROY, YOU FORGOT THE SALT!
ULPP!
YEAH, SUM TOI, I KNOW!

IT ISN'T H-H-H-HAP-HAPPENING!
QUICK, ELROY, THE SALT!

HERE'S THE SALT!


PUT YOUR CHEMISTRY SET AWAY, ELROY! THAT AWFUL SMELL IS GIVING ME A HEAD-ACHE!
HE DOESN'T REMEMBER A THING, SUM TOI! LET'S PLAY CHECKERS!
END


GOTCHA
UH HUH! HOW DID YOU GET THAT CHEESE OUT OF THAT TRAP?
JUST TOOK IT, CAT! IT'S DELICIOUS!
THE TRAP MUST BE OUT OF ORDER!
MUST BE... IT DIDN'T GO OFF WHEN I TOOK THE CHEESE!!
GO ON, TOUCH IT! IT WON'T GO OFF!
ARE YOU SURE?
YOU LIED TO ME!!
YA CAN'T TRUST ANYONE ANY MORE!
SNAP!
YEEEEOOOWWW!
WOTTA HAM!
D-1558
END